

# Exhibit A

**Mark Daragjati**  
**322 Arlene Street**  
**Staten Island, New York 10314**

Dear Honorable Judge Kuntz:

Let's start from the beginning. As Mike's younger brother, I can tell you just about anything you want to know about him. And everything I know about him is basically the truth because obviously, as you can tell, he wasn't exactly blessed with that filter that was supposed to be strategically placed between his brain and his vocal cords. But anyone that knows Mike will tell you that this is the best part about him. The best way to describe him is a cartoon character. When he is joking around, which is about 90% of the time, he's like a big goofball that will say whatever pops into his mind just to make the people around him laugh. And when he gets mad he puffs up and gets all red in the face in a way that reminds you of Elmer Fudd. He'll go on to give his "wascally wabbit" speech about how mad he is and so on for about 5 minutes and then he almost seamlessly moves on to his next thought, which 99% of the time, is some completely random subject that leaves you wondering what could have possibly led him to start thinking about it in the first place. We would always teasingly tell him that he has "ADD" but the truth of the matter is that Mike worked so hard, and had so many things going on at once, that it was almost impossible to keep them all organized in his head.

Mike was a full time cop, ran his own construction and snow removal business, and has a wife and 3 little girls to support. Among all this, the thing that he was most proud of was that he did it from the ground up, with hard work and without ever making a bad name for himself. Before my career in Foreign Exchange (which I have Mike to owe for), I was a bartender for 6 years. Being a bartender I've met every kind of person there is to meet. Good, bad, and in between. I used to tell Mike stories I've heard about my customers and what they do and how they made their money and he always used to say the same thing. "How much money can they possibly make F'ing around doing things that they will eventually get in trouble for? If you take all the money they make before they get caught, subtract all the money they have to spend on a lawyer, and then divide that by the amount of years they have to spend in jail not making any money, what do they got? Nothing!" He used to say there are so many "legit" ways to make money out there if you're not "lazy". This is the kind of person Mike is, and that is why when his plow was stolen, in front of his house, right next to a police precinct, he had no other emotions but anger. The very tool that he used to make a living for his family, so that his kids can live well and go to good schools, and have what any parent would want for their children, was stolen by that very type of "lazy" person he would always speak about. He was then told by the police that there was nothing they can do. What would any human being feel in this situation?

My brother had more of a part in raising me than any other person in my life. This wasn't due to any particular reason it was just that I was always around him. I learned a lot of things from him, one of the most important being his judge of character. Mike didn't care if you were black, white, or purple and anyone that truly knows him will say the same. The only thing that mattered to him was what kind of person you were but he always gave people the benefit of the doubt. He would give you the shirt off his back whether he just met you or had known you for years. That's why the thing that is killing him the most are the things that were said about him in the news and the things that he had to "admit" to in order to avoid the possibility of not being with his family for 20 years. That is the real Michael Daragjati in a nutshell. He is a brother that was always there for me, a friend that would do anything for you, a husband and father that worked hard to make sure his family was always provided for, and a damn good cop that made a mistake because above all things, he is only human.

Sincerely,

Mark Daragjati

February 21, 2012

FROM: JAMMIE CAFARO, RETIRED SERGEANT, N.Y.P.D.

TO: HONORABLE WILLIAM F. KUNTZ II  
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
EASTERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK  
225 CADMAN PLAZA  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, 11201

I am writing to give the court true insight to the character of Michael Daragjati. I served as his immediate supervisor in the NYPD for over 3 years, (2006-2009) in the Patrol Borough Anti-Crime Unit. I am aware of his case and the plea he has made. I have personally witnessed his "character" on and off duty for the past 6 years and felt compelled to inform the court of exactly what kind of man, Michael is.

In February 2006, I was introduced to Michael as the newest member to my Anti-Crime team. He was by far, the most energetic and talkative Officer I had ever seen. Within the first few months of working with him, I learned that Michael is a workaholic, who took great pride in his work, is extremely loyal and surprised me with his high level of generosity. A natural born comedian, who has a very strong faith in God, makes him genuinely unique.

I worked very closely with him during many robbery, burglary, assault and gun arrests, some of which he received Department Recognition Metals for. Throughout many extremely dangerous situations, Michael never showed fear or abandoned his co-workers when faced with imminent danger or death. What is not, officially documented, is the way Michael would constantly go into his own pocket and buy beverages, snacks and meals for his prisoners. In the spring of 2006, while processing an arrest, Mike came to me and asked if he could "go to the deli" besides the precinct we were in. I responded with "sure, what do you need?" He stated, "I wanna go buy this guy a sandwich". I was slightly taken back by the gesture, and informed him meals were provided a few hours later for all prisoners. Michael replied "he's not a bad guy, he made a mistake and he's hungry, I don't want to make him wait 5 hours to eat", and proceeded out the door. Through the years I watched him do this over and over again. Due to our

geographical area of employment and the 911 calls we received, many of his prisoners were African American or Hispanic, and were ALL treated with the same professionalism and humanity. In 19 years on the force, I had never seen an officer displayed more compassion and generosity to those in custody. This quality allowed Michael to gain respect and establish a rapport with detainees, which generated trust and information regarding other problems and crimes occurring within the city. Many crimes were prevented due to his actions. This trait can only be described as a pure asset in police work.

Michael is by far, one of the hardest working men I have ever known. He would work a 12 hour shift for the NYPD, sign out, and tell me he was going straight to another job. On many occasions, I would be surprised to find him still outside our office, helping a neighborhood resident with their car, or lending them tools. He is the man who assists the elderly with their bags, and gives the stranger in front him the extra change to complete their purchase when they run out of money. Michael is a man who does not how to say no, to someone in need. He goes out of his way for EVERYONE, and has no problem, literally, giving a stranger the shirt off his back. For years, I have watched his relentless daily work regiment, trying to provide a better life for his family, only to be taken advantage of and frowned upon by those who were envious of his accomplishments. I was often concerned that his extreme work ethic would lead to serious health problems in the future.

I have met many men that worked for Michael in his construction business. These men are mostly Hispanic, Mexican and African American. Michael would not only provide transportation to these men, but would also buy them lunch every day and treated them like family. Michael would hire any man who needed a job and would put in an honest day's work. On many occasions I would see his stress levels rise, only to find out he was concerned about lining up additional work, so his employees can continue to have a job and feed their families. It has always amazed me how he put everyone else's needs in front of his own, for it was an everyday occurrence, often unappreciated, yet steadfast.

Although I have often referred to Michael as my "administrative nightmare", his kind heart, positive attitude and unyielding determination, severely out way his flaws. His facetious vocabulary often flourished when privately telling jokes to those who know him, (with no race, religion, sex, physical trait, sexual orientation or preference being excluded) but was never invidious. Such language was never used or heard publicly or inappropriately while performing his duties as a Police Officer. The accusation of Michael being a racist is grossly absurd.

I am deeply saddened by the current situation, and pray the court can judge fairly, a non-violent mistake made by a good man. Michael is in no way a danger to himself or society, and his absence is greatly felt by his family, friends and all he has positively affected and assisted throughout the years.

For your consideration,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jammie Cafaro". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the left.

Jammie Cafaro

Retired Sergeant, NYPD

694 Collfield ave

Staten Island, NY 1031

February 25, 2012

Honorable William F. Kuntz, II

United States District Court

Eastern District of New York

225 Cadman Plaza

Brooklyn, New York 11201

Dear Judge Kuntz,

I am writing you this letter in regards to the sentencing of Michael Daragjati. I am fully aware of his guilty plea and would like to share with you the Michael I know. My name is Albert Vitarelli and I am currently employed with the New York City Police Department. I am a seven and half year veteran of the Department and have worked in my current assignment with the Staten Island Borough Crime team for four and half years. As a member of the Borough crime unit my team is made up of about seven Police Officers, one of those Police Officers was Michael Daragjati. As a plain clothes unit we are charged with the duties of crime prevention with a specialized focus on robbery patterns, burglary patterns, larceny patterns along with weapons and firearm related crimes.

Michael was someone who I had daily experience with, although there were many nights in which I shared the seat next to him in a patrol car we were not steady partners. Due to the seriousness and dangers inherent in police work it was of the utmost important for us all to work together and trust each other. There was always a comfort working with Michael, he was the ideal guy that you wanted coming through the door behind you. In a day and age where many people in society are all about self preservation, Michael is the

opposite; he is the one guy that I knew, with out a shadow of a doubt would protect myself and others over himself. This is the man's core; his confident innocent nature always brought security to every situation. He also possessed a natural ability to grab hold of any situation and relax the air, heck he usually even made the defendants he was arresting like him. Michael is the kind of guy that refuses to let any wrong go by without his best attempt to right it. Also I'd like to add that there was never any situation that I saw Michael motivated by race, when it came to his job he always carried himself with the utmost professionalism.

Michael only saw right and wrong; this is a real insight to how Michael is. Maybe in some strange way it's his biggest flaw. I've watched him on many instances unselfishly give; weather it be his guidance as a senior officer or in his friendship. He is a natural giver and extremely hard worker. Not only would he work an eight and half hour day as a Police Officer he also managed his own construction business. In between all the jobs he would be caught up in on any particular day, he would always be eager to lend advice or help on any kind of home improvement job that I might be currently working on. Michael is also a big family man; you wouldn't have to spend much time with him to realize how much he loves and cares for his family. The real evidence is in the long hours he puts into his multiple jobs, just so he can adequately provide for them.

In conclusion I'd like to share with you a short experience I had with Michael. This is entirely true and still astounds me today. This particular incident happened in late winter, approximately March of 2010, it was chilly and rainy out; we had all just finished our shift. As I proceeded to go home on my normal route as I would routinely do, I noticed Michael pull away a moment earlier than me. As I proceeded along the highway I noticed Michael's pick-up truck pulled to the side of the road, along with two other vehicles; in front of all those vehicle's, I immediately noticed another vehicle which had been involved in some sort of accident; it was flipped upside down and on fire. What my eyes witnessed next was nothing short of remarkable; I witnessed Michael and two other Samaritans without hesitation reach into this burning vehicle, unsnap the mans seatbelt and pull this unconscious individual to safety. What was even more astounding was how Michael dealt with all this, once all emergency personnel had arrived on scene, there goes



Michael in his pick-up truck, continuing home without hesitation. That night Michael didn't stay around to get his name in the paper or receive praise from the unknown mans family. Michael just kept moving.

You're Honor, this is a good man. It's in my heart that I know he will readily accept his punishment and it is for this he has my utmost respect.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'A. Vitarelli', with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Albert J. Vitarelli

Francesco Caggia  
151 Dover green  
Staten Island, NY 10312

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadmen Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Honorable Judge Kuntz II,

I am writing this letter regarding the sentencing of Michael Daragjati. I'm familiar with the situation that has been presented to you, and hope that through this letter I'm able to express to you the type of person that Michael is and not the person the media has portrayed him to be.

My Name is Francesco Caggia and I'm Michael's friend and also his partner in the Patrol Borough Staten Island Anti-crime team where we worked together for over 5 years. I'm a 18 year veteran of the NYPD and have had numerous assignments in the NYPD, but none as fulfilling as my last 5 years working with Michael. As a result of working with together we were able to effect hundreds of arrests, taking some of the most notorious criminals off the streets of Staten Island. We made numerous arrest involving firearms, robberies and burglaries as well as quality of life arrests. One particular arrest stands out in my mind, it was a triple stabbing with one of the victims being a minor. The other two victims did not wish to cooperate with the police at the time, and the mother of the minor victim was in a state of shock that the perpetrator of this vicious crime would not be punished for his crimes. When Michael was made aware of these circumstances he assured the minor victim and his mother that he would do everything in his power to help. Michael spent hours in the hospital explaining to the other victims ,who were able to identify the perpetrator and did not wish to cooperate that without their help there would be no justice for the 15 year old victim, and that was unacceptable. The other victims understood what Michael was explaining to them and soon cooperated with the investigation resulting with the Staten Island District Attorneys office charging the perpetrator with 3 counts of Attempted Murder as well as other charges. I firmly believe that if not for the caring and professionalism displayed by Michael, the result of this incident would have been very different.

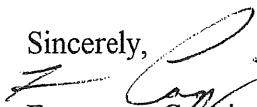
Michael is also my best friend, he helped me through some difficult times during my divorce, whether it was loaning me his last twenty dollars or listening to me vent or just inviting me out for a drink and to have some fun. It was my most stressful time, and Michael helped me through those times no matter what, he was the true definition of a friend. He was never judgmental or critical of my situation, he was there for me no matter how depressed or manic my life was that day. I later learned that Michael was the same way with all of his friends, he deeply cared for them and treated them like family.

As the time passed Michael and I became more like brothers, he introduced me to his wife's cousin to whom I'm very happily married to. I was very proud to have Michael serve as my best man at my wedding. I was also introduced to Michael's wife and children who mean the world to him. He constantly worked two jobs and endured long days so that he could provide his family with all of what life has to offer. He also ran a successful home improvement business and employed several minorities in his company whom he also treated like family. I have been to Michael's house on numerous special occasions where all of his friends and employees were in attendance and Michael treated us all like part of his family. Every Sunday Michael would attend church with his family and he tried to raise his 3 beautiful daughters with morals and values. I have been on vacations with Michael and his entire family and realize that he is without a doubt a great father to his children and husband to his wife.

I truly believe that Michael understands and is remorseful for the actions that have brought him to your acquaintance, and I know Michael better than most people and I know when he is released he will be the same great father, husband and friend that I have come to know. Michael's personality is one of humor, sensitivity, hard work, friendship. My only regret is that I will not be able to finish a distinguished career with the NYPD without Michael by my side. Michael was a great Police officer and an even better friend to me.

I hope I was able to show you a side of Michael Daragjati that you can't see from a newspaper or a criminal complaint and that you use your discretion and favor on the side of leniency during his sentencing.

Sincerely,



Francesco Caggia

P.O. Timothy Harasek  
Shield #8878  
New York City Police Department

Honorable William F. Kuntz II United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

January 12, 2012

To Whom It May Concern,

I am writing the letter in connection with Michael Daragjati's sentencing regarding his guilty plea. I have known Mike for five years now and it is an honor to vouch for him and the impeccable character I have witnessed over the years. He has been someone I could always count on many times over, and I am writing this letter because at this time, I want someone to be aware of the dedicated, moral, and exceptional individual he is.

It has been a privilege to have worked with Mike as a member of the NYPD. He, having five years seniority with the department, has been a teacher and mentor in my journey to service the people of Staten Island. If I needed help, or questions answered he never hesitated to help me. On many occasions I have worked with Mike on the streets, and he always handled himself with courtesy, professionalism and respect to any person in need. He is a police officer I wish to emulate.

Mike became part of my extended family when my sister married his cousin in July of 2010. After that time, Mike and our families vacationed together in Myrtle Beach, NC. At that time, we had a lot of time to speak of our experiences on the job and I felt I got to know him, and his character. I have never heard anything that I would construe as being racist, or anything less than what a dedicated professional police officer should be. In my opinion, he is an exceptional officer, devoted husband and father to three beautiful girls.

With that being said, I realize Officer Daragjati is perceived as making mistakes. His is human and at time emotions can get the best of him. The pressure of this job is never ending, and at times civilians do not understand what it take to perform 'the job'. I am very hopeful that this letter can possibly show Mike in his true light. I wish people can see the officer and person his friends and family have known all along, not the cold-hearted thug that he is now being portrayed. Nothing can be further from the truth.

I implore you to show some leniency when you cast your verdict on Officer Michael Daragjati. At the very least, while incarcerated, he should be allowed a wider range of privileges. His wife and children need him. His dedicated service to the City of New York has earned him that right. At this time, I place my trust in you as the people of New York has placed their trust in him, and the officers representing the New York City Police Department.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'T. Harasek', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Police Officer Timothy H. Harasek

Michael Brown, Sergeant (ret. NYPD)  
52 Lynbrook Ave.  
Staten Island, N.Y. 10309

February 13, 2012

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Dear Judge Kuntz:

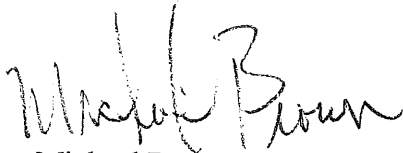
I am writing to you in connection with Michael Daragjati's sentencing regarding his guilty plea. I am a retired sergeant with the NYPD. I have known Michael for ten years. When Michael first graduated from the NYPD police academy, I was his field training sergeant. I worked with Michael on a daily basis and responded to hundreds of emergency calls with him.

I have personally witnessed Michael assist persons of all races in life-threatening situations as well as in making arrests. I saw him rescue and perform first-aid on African-Americans who were seriously injured in a motor vehicle accident. During all of the time I worked with him he was a top police officer, acted with professionalism, and never discriminated against anyone on the basis of race. I never observed Michael exhibiting any behavior or making comments that could be considered racist. I witnessed Michael making arrests of white persons who had committed crimes against African-Americans. I always considered Michael extremely fair, non-discriminatory, and sensitive in dealing with people of all ethnicities.

It was because of this professionalism and racial sensitivity, that I selected Michael for duty in the "Conditions Unit", which is a specialized "plain-clothed" unit for which only the top performing police officers are selected. The field training assistant I assigned to Michael was P.O. Omar Smith, an African-American. Michael and Omar developed a close personal as well as professional relationship. Michael had close personal relationships with all his colleagues, many were African-American and Hispanics with whom he socialized. Michael always treated everyone with respect regardless of race. I never heard him make a racially derogatory comment in all the time I knew him.

I believe Michael's behavior in the incident which led to his guilty plea in this matter does not reflect who Michael truly is as a person. I hope you will consider this and show leniency in Michael's sentencing. Thank you.

Yours Truly,



Michael Brown

January 18, 2012  
322 Arlene Street  
Staten Island, NY 10314

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Your Honor,

My name is Leslie Daragjati, and as Michael Daragjati, my son, is awaiting his sentencing related to his guilty plea, I am writing this letter in hope it will give some insight into what my son, Michael, is really about. I will start by enclosing an original essay I wrote for a college English class in 1995 which talks about Michael(see attached).

Michael grew up never noticing if a person appeared different from him. He often accompanied his father when he would go do repairs and work at his rental house in which a large family lived. Mike loved going there because he got to play ball with his "friends". After Michael's first visit there he couldn't wait to go there again and again. He idolized the boys he played with and never stopped talking about how good they were. During one of these visits Mike asked his father for \$10.00 to buy ice cream from the ice cream truck. When my husband told him ice cream didn't cost \$10.00, Mike told him that he knew that but he really wanted an ice cream and it wouldn't be fair him having one and not his "friends" because their families didn't have money for extras like ice cream. Mike cared about his "friends" and it never mattered to him that he was the only boy who was white in that crowd of boys. They were his "friends".

Michael never cared about if someone's skin was darker or a different color than his, if they spoke with an accent, if they dressed differently or if they were a different religion. Years ago our family lived for awhile in upstate New York in Monticello. Our home was surrounded by bungalow colonies which during the summer months were occupied by large groups of Hasidic Jews. There were always a lot of children playing outside and Mike loved playing with his "friends". He wanted to wear a Yamaka like they did. He saw no difference, they were his "friends". Once he became so upset because I tried to take him home because his "friends" needed to participate in some prayer and instruction time. The women insisted that he stay and he did. He sat in that circle of children beaming because he got to wear a Yamaka not caring that he didn't understand a thing they were saying but just happy to be with his "friends".

My son, Michael and my professional lives have crossed paths a few times over the years. I am an RN and work the evening shift as the nursing supervisor at Carmel Richmond Healthcare and Rehabilitation Center, a 300 bed short term and long term healthcare facility on Staten Island. Something I do on a daily basis is welcome, greet and introduce myself to our new patients and their families after they arrive. A couple of years ago I did just that, introduced myself to a new patient and his family. He was an elderly black gentleman whose daughter and grandson was with him. When I gave my



name his grandson (who was probably in his late teens ) looked at my ID badge around my neck and asked me if I was related to Michael. I answered he is my son. I asked him if he was a friend of Michael's and after glancing at his mother and grandfather told me how he met him. He explained that he was out one night with his friends using his mother's car and was on his way home in Stapleton when he ran out of gas. He managed to pull the car over and continued on foot hurrying to get home on time. He said my son, Mike, stopped as he was driving by and questioned him. This young man said that he was so nervous and angry at himself because of his carelessness of running out of gas, that he would be late going home past his curfew and would probably be grounded and not be allowed to use the car again. He told me he just blurted this out to my son who replied, "Bro, I know how that feels" and Mike offered to push the car to the gas station so he could make it home on time. The young man said that he much to his embarrassment had to explain that he couldn't buy the gas because he also spent all his money with his friends. He said that not only did Mike help to push his car to the gas station but also paid for the gas. When the young man asked for his name and the precinct where he worked so he could pay him back, Michael gave him his name but told him not to worry about the money and to just use the money to help someone else out of a bind one day. I could tell by the look on his mother's face that this was the first time she heard about this incident and when I thanked her son for telling me this, his mom remarked that my son sounded like a special person and to thank him for her. The young man also asked me to thank Michael again and to let him know that he kept his promise and used the money to help someone else who needed it.

On another occasion when I introduced myself as the nursing supervisor to a new patient and her family, the patient's son told me that he had just met my son, Michael. He did so in a store a short distance away after my son overheard him and his wife asking for directions to Carmel Richmond. This couple, who live in Chinatown had come to Staten Island to help his mother settle in who was being admitted for short term rehab. He explained that they had become lost when they had gotten off the bus at the wrong stop and they were asking for directions when Mike came into the store. The man explained that Mike gave them a ride to Carmel and during the ride helped to alleviate his fears that his mother was in a good hands at Carmel. The man had explained that his brother had chose this place on Staten Island since he lived nearby but he was leery because he didn't know anything about the facility. When he told this to my son, Michael told him that his mother was in a good place and would receive good care, that his grandparents have been patients there and his mother was the nursing supervisor. After this man told me about meeting Mike, his mother asked him something in Chinese and when he finished answering her in their language, she looked at me and in her broken English said "good boy, good boy". He explained his mother wanted me to know my son was a good boy for helping them.

One of the duties of my position at work is to manage staffing concerns such as sick calls, lateness's etc. One evening just prior to the oncoming shift change I received a call from a now former nursing assistant who was calling me to notify me she was going to be late. This African American woman, Marcy, always spoke tough in excitable tones but those who knew her knew that she was a sweetheart, a hard worker and she took good



care of our patients. During this call Marcy, in her excitable tone told me she would be late because the police have blocked the area surrounding her apartment complex and she can't get to her car. She was upset and kept saying that she hoped nothing bad will happen. Later when she finally made it into work she came and told me that my son, Mike, the cop, helped her to get out of there so she could get to work. She explained that something must have happened around where she lived and the police came but she said that there were a lot of "bad asses" and as soon as the police are sighted in the area the "local gangsters" start to swarm the area, she said they alert each other by using a special call from the building windows and roof tops to alert others that something is brewing. She said it became like a mob scene with the police blocking the exits from the area. She said that her husband approached a police officer that he had seen around and who he thought to be a decent guy and asked him if there was a way he could get his wife to her car so she could get to work because she was already late. She told me that the cop was my son, Mike. Marcy said that he walked her to her car and made sure the other policemen allowed her to drive away. She said while they walked to her car, Michael asked her where she worked and that is how she learned that he was my son. Marcy made sure I knew that my son saved her day. She also asked me how I could stand having him be a cop and told me to tell him that he has to be careful around her neighborhood because "those bad asses would love to take down a cop" and to thank him again and to tell him to stay safe.

Who is Michael Daragjati? :

- The young boy who became upset and insisted that I had to go back and pay the man who in the dark just washed my car windshield at a red light after I made a wrong turn and wound up on the wrong side of the George Washington Bridge.
- The little boy who couldn't wait to serve as an altar boy and who every week for ten years stood on the altar and did just that, serving. In his teens he didn't care if this was not "cool," if Michael was at a Mass and the priest came out to the altar without an altar boy, he would stand and leave his seat and go to the altar ready to serve at any age.
- The young teenager who actively helped numerous cousins and family settle in this country after they immigrated when the iron curtain came down and who needed a mentor to teach them how to live with the freedoms that this country had to offer.
- The person who saw to it that an elderly couple's long, wide and hilly driveway was free from snow and ice after winter storms. He began this task as a young man with a shovel in hand, continued the job years later with a barely running old pickup truck with a plow that he put together himself from old junk left behind by his uncle who had died suddenly. Then in later years making sure that this task was a priority amongst his paying clients for as long as this couple was able to remain in their home. One year in the '90's Staten Island had a terrible nor'easter. Unfortunately this storm came at a time when

Mike was on vacation in California with his father. He was disappointed that he was missing this storm. He called and asked me to take his sister and brother to this couple's house to shovel, to take care of the job he couldn't do. He was afraid that the couple would attempt to do the job themselves.

-Michael was the young man who watched in horror as the planes flew into the World Trade Center Towers . Who I had to force him to stay put as his father and uncle bolted out the door when that first plane struck, to go try to find Mike's sister who was in that building. He paced up and down upset that he couldn't do more and while we waited for hours to find out her fate he attempted to reach out to anyone he could who could have been there or had loved ones there to give his support. Michael openly bawled when his sister walked through the door at 7:30 PM that evening.

-The man who many times friends and relatives turned to to sit their child down when they were being unruly, walking the line, or just being hard to handle. He would lecture them about the kind of path they were leading to if they didn't straighten themselves out. He always showed that he cared and tried to help.

-The man who many times dealt with his workers shortcomings, be it too much alcohol or homelessness, by picking them up, brushing them off repeatedly and giving them some help, be it work when no one would or a place to stay when needed. Family gatherings almost always included extras, Mike's "friends".

-The man who still continues to try to help people no matter who they are, what color they are or what their background was. Recently he reached out from where he is incarcerated to ask me to refer someone for a job. I will just copy and paste his 2 emails errors and all :

on another note.. there is a kid from si here. . . his wife is raising 4 kids in same situation.. she has been trying to get into Carmel Rich for years.. i told her to ask for u.. she is a nice girl professional from what i know.. i told him i will call u. she was an aid before, or now.. i told her how u came up the ranks and she could do the same.. they said thank u very much to me, so i really want to help. i told her to get her foot in the door and move around later.. please take this serious, but she is raising 4 kids, and like nicole knows its tuff.. she doesnt have everyone like u guys to be there, so if we can help that is huge for me. her husband was on the other side of me and i had run ins with him in si.. but as we sat together and spoke, i realized we had 2 diff lives.. he had no dad, and mother had no money. they went to church, but had to eat once a day, and so on.. its nuts bc i was on the other side, but i see things here . although they did wrong things, i can see they really never had a chance, or a foundation to show them the right way.. anyway, its to much to write, but one day i will explain it and it actually makes u feel bad inside, and want to help when u can.. esp if its as simple as giving or helping someone get a job to help their families.. and on the other side, it shows them that there are people out there that do care and would help if they showed they really want it.. so please, for me, if she does want to come please take the time and try to help.

hey mom, thanks for answering that applicant

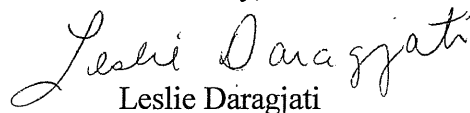
hey mom, thanks, the guy just came up to me and said thank u.. i guess the person got in touch.. he showed me the email she wrote him.. it said to say thank u soo much to me and that she was very grateful that people gave her the opportunity.. i hope it works out and i already said that if u work hard there is opportunities to have a good future.. i said my mom is living proof of that.. so thanks for that.. hope all is good..

-The young man who was so excited to be accepted into the Police Academy, who met every day there as a challenge, who worked hard and wanted so much to succeed. Many days I would give him a ride to his car pool meeting place and he would check and double check a list he kept to be certain that everything was done and ready. He was thankful for every accomplishment and milestone he met in the academy. It did not come easy for him. He studied hard, exercised hard, practiced hard, and listened hard. After being in the police force, for years he is still that same caring person but one who after seeing the crime on the streets of New York City from the eyes of a police officer for eight years has grown a hard outer shell. Michael has had to do things like standing among an agitated crowd who would "love to take down a cop" but he was able to bring out that softer Michael and walked a woman to her car so she could go to work. This all occurred on that same street he played ball on so many years ago with those he was proud to call "friends".

Once when what seems like a long time ago my son, Michael, came running to me excited and yelling, "the aliens are coming, the aliens are coming, we have to go get them , we have to go get them". Was he into some play space invader fantasy and looking to kill off the enemy? It certainly sounded like it. But this was Mike excitedly telling me that relatives were immigrating to this country and they were arriving soon at the airport and he was going to get them.

A little boy who did not pick and say the right words grew up to be a man who unfortunately still did not. But just like that little boy's poor choice of words did not reflect what he was all about and what was in his heart, that man's poor choice of words did not reflect what he was all about either. Someone who knew Michael well once told me, "To know Michael, is to love Michael". That is my son. I am sorry for the pain he may have caused others. Because I know my son. I know he feels the same way and he will embrace any chance to prove he is that same person who was presented with that award all those years ago.

Sincerely,

  
Leslie Daragjati

A/  
Leslie Daragjati

Excellent, powerful narrative and  
commentary, Leslie. Many thanks for  
such fine work. MS

### Being a Mother the Best I Know How

There are few other professions in the world in which a person takes a role without prior preparation or experience than motherhood. A woman can do her best, give as much as possible but the outcome can be much different from what wanted. Later in life there will be memories and experiences of the past that the child will wish were handled differently. It could also cause anger toward the parent as Adrienne Rich wrote about in her essay, 'The Anger of a Child'. In the essay she tells of the anger she feels toward her mother for giving up a promising career to be a wife and mother. I too felt anger toward my mother because she was a career woman, who was very active in politics, and other issues to try to save the world. She was not there beside me, helping me with school work as I was growing up. Because I felt this way I vowed not to do the same when it came to my children. I would be available to them to help with their studies.

I studied with my children, drilled them on spelling words, corrected their math problems, read the books they wrote reports on to be sure they were correct. My two oldest children thrived on this kind of after school mommy teacher. The A's on the report cards proved it. They received honors throughout grammar school, and were accepted into honors programs at the high schools and went to colleges of their choice. Michael, my third child, received the same treatment from me. I was there to reinforce his school work too.

Mike was in the first grade when I began to realize that being his after school mommy teacher was not going to be easy. He hated to sit still and did not concentrate for long. When I

-2-

drilled him for an upcoming test his three years old brother would often answer with the correct answer when Mike could not. I knew that with him more help from me was needed. He tried hard and his grades were passing but sometimes barely. No A's for Mike. I pushed him harder.

One day that all turned around. Michael was in the seventh grade when he announced that he had to write an essay about the 'Homeless on Staten Island' for a contest. Immediately I began planning. A few days later I produced an armful of library books on the subject so we could start his essay. Mike stopped me short. "Mom, I handed my essay in today," he said. I was stunned. "But Mike," I exclaimed, "I did not even correct it." I was worried it that it was not good enough. A few days later he came home from school and announced that his essay was one of the two in his class picked to be entered into the contest. That evening at a school meeting the principal explained why it was picked. Apparently he wrote the essay from his experiences of meeting homeless families with my husband. My husband often meets families from shelters whom he places as tenants in his rental apartments. "He wrote from his heart not from a book," she said.

The next year Michael showed me that grades and books are not everything. When it came time to choose high schools I knew, he may not make the school of his choice. His grades were not that good and he usually did terribly on standardized tests. I tried to protect him from being disappointed. Again he proved my worrying was all in vain. He was accepted into the school. Enclosed with the acceptance letter was a note saying that he was highly recommended as a prospective student by many people who thought he was a hard worker and that he would be an asset to the school. Later that year I cut my final apron string. It was at Michael's graduation. We had come a long way and I was very proud of him. Award time came and I knew Mike would not be among the names announced. The students being called to accept their awards were

-3-

known honor students. Then the Monsignor who officiated at the ceremony led up to a story about a young man who was very special to the school and his parish. He had nothing but good to say about this boy. He spoke about times when he excelled all others in his class. The Monsignor cited specific examples of how he was personally touched by things he did. He spoke about how proud his parents must be and how he knew that this boy will be a future leader in the community. "This is the award of awards,"he said. "Michael Daragjati come up and receive your award,"he called out. Michael bounced up, surprised grinning from ear to ear, while the rest of the audience gave him a standing ovation. I realized then my little boy had grown up.

While discussing Adrienne Rich's essay and topics for this essay with my children, Michael told me he often felt angry with me for the way I often butted into his school work. My older children on the other hand acknowledged that they felt they would not have done as good if it was not for the same butting in I did with their school work. So I think that no matter how a mother raises her children there will always be something that the child will look back upon and be angry about. Mothers are not perfect.



March 2, 2012

To His Most Honorable Judge

What is a man's character? Who can truly explain a man's character? How can one understand Michael Daragjati and what he is about? Perhaps, a brother, a brother that have been so closely situated through life that they might have well been twins. A brother whom in identity can at times be so distant that they might have been complete strangers. Yet brothers whom have been groomed from birth of the same mind, they can always know what the next one's step would be.

As children we have always been taught to stick together, fight for what is right, and among all, protect your family. This is Michael. While at times his very being can be described as an oxymoron, his core remains the same. His statements may never match his actions yet the man has not changed since the very day he was born of our mother's womb.

Being the oldest male amongst 5 siblings, Michael's presence was always known. Like a German Sheppard protecting its territory, there was Michael, always watching over family and friends. I can remember a time when Michael was about 9 years of age. We were all outside playing in the street as we were probably the last generation to do so, when a group of teenage bullies came walking down the block. The older boys decided to start kicking the younger next door neighbor's toy car down the block as they walked. No one would do anything as they were petrified. These kids were huge next to us. That did not matter to Michael though, as he sounded off, "why don't you leave his car alone?" Immediately the bully began shoving Michael. In defense, all 8 of us youngsters began screaming and attacking like ants to a box of sugar. There was such a racket the parents came out and chased the teenagers away. Michael ended up with a black eye that day but our 5 year old neighbor got his toy car back. This was Michael. Never acting, just reacting. Had he not put his neck out no one would have done anything. A natural born leader, built to protect and serve.

Growing older in life there were two separate instances which solidified Michael's drive to become an officer. Being born of an immigrant father, to be spoiled was unheard of. Nothing was handed to us, everything was earned. As young boys we were rewarded an old broken down snowmobile for our snow shoveling services. This relic not only did not run, but had a broken axel as well. It did not matter as Michael's determination was too strong. No matter how negative people would speak about the project, it only made him stronger. Working countless hours after school and on weekends, in a makeshift tent made of sticks and a tarp; finally, by the first snowfall that beauty was running and ready to go.

The excitement of riding the snowmobile was unmatched by the gratification Michael had from doing the impossible. After a full day of riding the machine did break down again but it did not matter. Michael would just fix it again. Except, we never did get that opportunity to fix it again.

The very same evening, we arrived home with smiles of victory. We pulled up in front of the house to our Mom waving us in, as we were late for dinner. The snowmobile was left in front of the house on its trailer. The idea was to eat dinner while it was hot. After all we were all out in the snow for hours, what better than a hot meal. Within the 40 minutes it took to eat our supper and clean up, someone had stolen Michael's pride and joy. Countless hours of frozen sweat had only given just a few of pleasure. This because some dirt bag person decided to take it. The response from the police department was disheartening. They had neither evidence nor desire to waste time on an old snowmobile that was worthless. Only, it wasn't worthless, not to us.

While we were all disheartened and felt especially sorry for Michael he did not. It drove him harder. He worked and saved doing anything he could to replace the lost snowmobile. Collecting cans, shoveling snow, delivering papers and washing cars he worked until almost 2 years later he purchased his new project. It was an old beat up Yamaha Blaster. It needed a little work but it was perfect, especially with snowfall around the corner.

Unfortunately for Michael the bike never made snowfall. The fate of the 4 wheeler was the same of the snow mobile. Being older and wiser Michael mounted the Yamaha with locks and chains. It was no match for a disgruntled tenant though. An evicted tenant of our father's decided he needed to take vengeance by taking that which did not belong to him. While we had witnesses as well as ID, yet another time, there was not enough evidence nor was it worth it for the police to pursue.

It was this moment which marked Michael for life. In order to stop this and make everything count, Michael knew what he had to do. He needed to become a Police officer. He needed to stop lazy, degenerate criminals from stealing. If you want something earn it. If you want to steal, vandalize or inflict harm, look out for Michael. Michael took an attack on his household as an attack on his work and an attack on his work as an attack on his family. By becoming a police officer he can now help to prevent everyone from feeling his pain or so he thought.

The ironic part of Michael's story is, the very thing that drove him to being a cop is the same that made him become a criminal. I could remember the day his snowplow was stolen like it was yesterday. He came running into my office which is just down the block from his lot. Angry but calm, he contacted everyone with security cameras on our one way street. Unfortunately, nobody seemed to care to put any effort to search. As he approached his fellow officers, the result was the same he had heard his entire life: "Sorry, there is nothing we can do." Yes he was enraged but I am not sure there is any one in the universe that would not be.

As a man of integrity Michael always tried to do the right thing even admitting if his actions were wrong. As a kid, when he was wrong, he took his lashings better than grown men. In no way was he always right nor did he claim to be, but when he was wrong he took it like a champ.



As I write this today, it is impossible not to drop a tear. To see someone work so hard through a life time be rewarded with such demise. It is a testimony of the world we live in today. One thing can be assured however, Michael will take from this. He will understand the pain sake he not only put himself through but his family as well. He will acknowledge that while a thief might have attacked his livelihood, Michael's own action hurt his family more than that of a thief.

Respectfully,

Jak Daragjati

Stacie & John Watkins  
644 Craig Ave.  
Staten Island, New York 10307

January 15, 2012

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Dear Honorable Kuntz II,

My name is Stacie Watkins. My husband and I are writing this letter in regards to the sentencing of Michael Daragjati. We are fully aware of his guilty plea to the allegation that he is a racist, yet feel it necessary to write to you on his behalf. I am a guidance counselor with the Department of Education of the City of New York at Port Richmond High School, and my husband, John, is a Fire Marshal with the FDNY. We have both worked for the city for over 20 years.

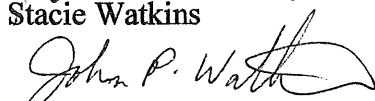
We came to know "Mike" when we were looking for a general contractor for estimates on work we wanted done in our home. Mike was referred to us by my sister in law who used him and his company to finish the basement in her house. After seeing his work and receiving estimates from several other companies, we decided to hire Mike for various reasons. We found Mike to be highly professional and courteous; he always called us back if we had questions or concerns about the work. He walked us through specifically what would be done and how it would be completed. Mike explained to us things that many of the companies would not in regards to price, work and time frame. His polite and friendly disposition, as well as his honesty in terms of what needed to be done and what really did not need to be done was greatly appreciated. In these hard economic times, many companies are looking to do work that really is not necessary. We also liked that he lives in our neighborhood and was highly accessible. We did not hire Michael because he was a police officer. Actually, he never even mentioned that fact to us. We came to learn this from my sister in law who knows his family well. In fact, we admire how hard working and ambitious he is. I would like to also make a point that may attest to the fact that we find Mike to be anything but racist. Mike asked when we would like to have the work completed. I am Jewish and my husband is not. I told Mike that I would like the work completed before the holidays, as Chanukah was coming before Christmas. He never commented negatively to this, rather expressed that he thought it was great that we celebrate both holidays for our children. After receiving the news of Mike's situation, we still decided to go with his company to do the work on our house. His brother and family have been very accommodating despite what is happening. They have worked with us to complete everything to the specifics that Mike had laid out in the beginning.

We found Michael Daragjati to be the consummate professional. His kindness, honesty and genuineness have led us to refer him to other friends of ours looking for a general contractor. Please take this letter of reference into consideration at his hearing.

Sincerely,



Stacie Watkins



John Watkins

2/23/12

Dear Judge Kuntz

I am writing this letter in connection with Michael Dasaayati's sentencing regarding his guilty plea. My name is Domenica Puleo, but everyone calls me Mimma, I am 38 years old, a school crossing guard in Staten Island and work for the 123 precinct. I am also a pizzeria/Restaurant owner on Staten Island, a wife and a mother of two children. I want to apologize if my grammar is not perfect, I'm better expressing myself verbally than on paper.

It's important for me to let you know about Mike. I come from a big family of four brothers and I am the only girl. I have to say that Mike has been more a brother to me than my own brothers ever had. I met Mike over 5 years ago at my Pizzeria. He was already friends with my husband Marcello. The night I met him my delivery driver was shot in the leg on Travis Ave. doing a delivery. My husband left the store to help my driver and I called 911. Mike heard my store address on the radio and called to see if we were ok. I was scared if others would get shot but Mike

never put fear in his eyes and always protected and tried to do his best at his job. Many times Mike would be on his dinner break and I would see him take off when was called on the radio. He did his job and loved it, didn't worry about finishing his dinner first. Mike is a hard worker and most important a good husband and great father.

Judge let me tell you I saw Mike's true colors last year February 23, 2011. He has been a great friend to my husband and my family but on that day I saw who Mike really was. That was the day my house burnt down. My son was sleeping and thank God he woke up and had gotten out. I arrived to the house, seeing my house all burnt, destroyed and we lost everything. Mike arrived to the house finding me hysterical crying and he hugged me and said "Mamma don't worry, it's going to be OK, I will rebuild your house new for you and told me and my family to stay with him and his family till he rebuilt for me. Mike was there for me + my family. He would offer his home + help to others like me or other races. I believe all the stories because when I needed it he did the same for me.

Mike is a good man, I won't say perfect because god made noone perfect, we all learn everyday of our lives and ~~never~~ stop learning especially from our mistakes. But I never met a man like Mike he always found time for everyone and anybody. I looked up to him because he always managed to work his job with NYPD, his contracting, plus anytime anyone needed his help he was there, he also made sure to spend time with his kids + wife. What shocked me most of all how he would never miss Sunday mass with his family. Church was imp<sup>rt</sup> to him.

Judge Kuntz people who don't know Mike would easily judge him falsly. Mike has a character that likes to be humorous, over exaggerates when tells stories so people don't get bored because he likes to make people laugh and helps others not to think of hard times there going through.

My kids even miss his stories, they call him Uncle Mike. My 17 year old daughter Gazella, adores him, Mike could make her crazy being overprotecting like she was his daughter.



My daughter instead of getting upset she expected it because in her eyes that's Uncle Mike who makes her laugh even when he's serious.

Judge I can go on and on about Mike. I understand the govt. has alleged that Michael is a racist but it's hard to understand when for a fact we have eaten dinner together at the table in my place with other kind of races. A racist man wouldn't share there meals or drive them home on a snowy day. I treat my workers like family, Mike would even hug them and offer them rides home.

As to close this letter judge, Mike would not be able to work his job as NYPD anymore, but does it make sense to have this man still stay in jail, when he can help others out in the community. Everyone deserves a second chance in life and prove to you he is not what others made him out to be. Michael Daragjati is one good soul I would take the stand for.

Thank You for giving me this opportunity to write to you.

Sincerely  
 Joe Boess

Domenica Pilleri

March 4, 2012

To whom it may concern,

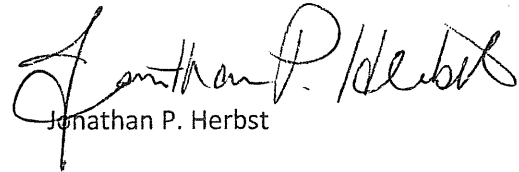
I am writing this letter on the behalf of my friend Michael Daragjati. I implore you to take this letter to heart in your consideration of Michael's sentencing. The media and the District Attorney's are not accurately portraying the man you will be sentencing today. I met Michael on my first day in the Police academy. At first I was a little taken by how Michael was so loud. I was assigned as the company sergeant in charge of Michael and about 35 other recruits. Other than myself there was my assistant company sergeant Terry Avent who I note is a black police officer. We both came to the same initial conclusion about Michael, that he was a loud mouth from Staten Island. However as the day progressed and other recruits needed help and guidance Mike stepped up to help anyone and everyone and this continued throughout the academy. Whenever someone was falling behind, and it didn't matter who they were or what they looked like, Mike was there to help. Mike's help extended to a black officer, P.O. Moon, who was failing his run. Mike spent any extra time, including lunch and any of his personal time, to help coach and mentor P.O. Moon until he had passed his run test. To this day I use Mike and this story as an example to teach my Soldiers about why they should not "judge a book by its cover." For I am not only in Law Enforcement I am also in the military which brings me to another great example of how Michael helps and cares for people.

Before I left on my deployment to Iraq my sister was having an engagement party to which Michael was invited. When he came in my grandmother had just passed out on to the floor due to a heart condition but Mike was there to step in and help resuscitate her. He was the first one on the phone calling 911 and calming down my elderly grandfather. Mike then rode to the hospital and spent all night there with us. Mike also came to my side and my family's side on other occasions and that is why I call him my brother. In 2004 I was deployed to Iraq in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom; after a couple of months in country I became the first NYPD Officer to be wounded since the war began when I was wounded by an Improvised Explosive Device set on the roadway. It tore through my HMMWV and instantly killed my gunner and my buddy sitting next to me. I was blown out of the vehicle and knocked unconscious, my right arm was completely crushed and I broke my back and had shrapnel and burns throughout my body. On top of everything else that had happened, my girlfriend left me while I was in the hospital for another cop in the precinct. But throughout all this my friend Michael, my brother, was by my side and my family's side. Mike never left me when I was depressed about what happened to me and did anything my family asked of him. Mike stood by me in all my recovery and rehab; he never gave up on me or anybody else he encountered.

I deployed again to Afghanistan in 2007 and was involved in one of the largest battles since the war began in 2001. But again Michael was there to console my wife and family. To this very day, from where I am writing right now away on my 4<sup>th</sup> deployment and heading back into Afghanistan Mike is still there for me and my family. Michael is also very generous and I personally witnessed many times when he gave food or money to the homeless. Mike even helped me by lending me a large sum of money to fix the house I just bought. Without Mike I would be out on the street. When it comes to our line of work a good cop makes his decisions on the rule of law but a great cop makes his decisions by not only

the letter of the law but also the spirit of the law. Michael Daragjati is a loving husband; father, brother, son and friend. Please when you make your decision on Michael's sentencing be a great Judge and take into account the real Michael Daragjati. Michael has never turned his back on the city of New York or his community. Please don't turn your back on him. Again I am writing to you from my 4<sup>th</sup> deployment with 2 Purple Hearts a Bronze Star w/ Valor and another Commendation for Valor. I have never asked for anything from my country and always answered the call when ever my country needed me just as Michael has done for the City of New York but on this day I do ask for something for the first time in my life, I ask you to take care of Michael Daragjati. You have Michael's life and his family's in your hands so I implore you, before you impose your sentencing, to take all the facts into account as well as testaments to Michael's character from those like myself who know him best. He and his family have gone through so much and will still be going through this for the rest of their lives. Michael has served more than his fair share of time and lost his career over this, please don't extend this tragedy any longer.

Thank you in advance



Jonathan P. Herbst



Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

My name is Anthony David, I am writing this letter on behalf of Mr. Michael Daragjati. I have known Mike for 20 years, since high school, and I am aware that he has pleaded guilty to being a racist. Even though I fully understand that racism is wrong and against the law, on behalf of Michael Daragjati, I ask that the following be considered in his sentencing.

Mike is family oriented, loyal, and genuinely a good, decent person at the core. Since high school, he has been a devoted friend and has always over extended himself to me and my family like as if we were of his own. Being first generation Filipino-immigrant and coming from a different walk of life, Mike never held this difference as a cause or reason to treat me differently. He is a person someone can always count on and often had this willingness to help others. Once Mike and I took a road trip to the south, where a highway accident had recently occurred and that was the first and certainly not the last where Mike over extended his help to a stranger to offer any help he could provide.

Growing up with Mike I had always admired him as being ambitious, goal oriented, and a hard working individual. Once he sets his mind into something he will work at it the best he can to achieve that goal. Even though having such a busy, hectic schedule he had always made time for his family and friends. At the birthday parties or from just a night out it is at these times with family and friends that I see how much he is loved and respected by everyone in his life, including me.

In conclusion, I have written this letter to not only talk about Mike but to also ask for forgiveness of him and to pardon the wrong doings he has committed and to find it in your heart to have leniency towards his sentencing. He is a true and an honorable friend, and not being able to do anything for someone who has done all, is difficult for me. Truly I miss my friend

January 27, 2012  
124 West Terrace  
Staten Island, N.Y.  
10312

Dear Honorable Judge Kuntz

My name is Thomas Boemi and I am writing this letter to you in connection with the sentencing regarding his plea of guilty of my son in law Michael Daragjati. I am a retired New York City Firefighter.

I have known Michael for 11 years. He married my daughter Nicole in June 2004. I have always found him to be an extremely ambitious and energetic man. He is also a very giving man. His time and knowledge is often given up to family and friends, always without question. Michael is a loving husband and father. My daughter and three granddaughters love him and miss him very much.

We have spent lots of time together as a family. Summer vacations at the beach, special occasions and many family functions. Family is a very important value in Michael's life. When he had a family function at his house, I would often say to him, "Michael you have too much food." He would reply, "you can never have enough ." He would always go above and beyond for family and friends.

I was doing a home project and Michael stopped by to see what was happening. I was asking questions and picking Michael's brain for information and before I knew what was going on he took the kitchen wall down and within an hour he was back from the store with all the supplies and materials I needed to complete my project. That's who Michael is. I can always count on him to be

there for me and my wife.

A dear and very close friend of my wife passed away almost two years ago. Barbara was my daughter Nicole's godmother. Michael was at the wake everyday. He offered his help to her family with anything they needed. Michael also arranged for a police escort on the day of the funeral as there was an extremely long funeral procession. Barbara's family was very appreciative.

Michael attended Mass every Sunday with his wife and daughters. It didn't matter if something was going on. If they couldn't make a morning mass, he always found an evening Mass to go to somewhere on Staten Island. His girls would say "daddy, do we have to?" Michael always said, "yes we do" Attending mass on Sunday was an important family function.

Michael has often been asked to be a best man, a groomsman and a godfather. He knows the value of having good friends and has many long time friendships. He is a hard working man with strong Christian values.

I remember when Michael graduated from the police academy. He was so proud and couldn't wait to get to work. His months of hard work had finally come to fruition. He truly believed that this was a great opportunity for both him and for his future family. He was proudly ready to serve and eagerly awaited his first day on the job.

Your Honor, contrary to media reports, my son in law Michael, is not a racist. There have been many occasions where I have met and been around some of Michael's friends and co workers. All from different ethnic and religious back-rounds.

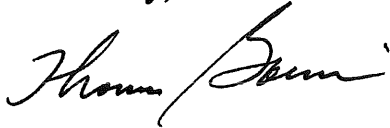
One new years eve, Michael and a member of his unit ( who is African-American ) stopped by our home to wish us a happy new year. Michael introduced him and invited him to the family table to

eat. He treated his friends as if they were a part of the family. You could see as they ate together and shared some laughs at the table that Michael honored their friendship . It didn't matter what color anyone was. He would share the food off of his own plate to make sure his friends were happy and comfortable. He treated everyone he knew with dignity and respect. You could see that in all of his friendships, especially with those on the job.

We all handle emotions in different ways. Situations arise and we re-act. Is he remorseful for that reaction? I believe that he is, without a doubt. He can no longer serve in law enforcement. Pension, gone. Paychecks, gone. Benefits and medical coverage, gone. As emotional human beings all we can do is ask for a second chance. Your Honor, for the sake of my daughter Nicole, my three granddaughters, Adriana who is 6, Samantha who is 5 and Alexa who is 3. From the bottom of my heart I ask for your compassion and your leniency in the sentencing of Michael. I am asking for a second chance for my son in law Michael.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Thomas Boemi', written in dark ink.

Thomas Boemi

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

February 9, 2012

Dear Judge Kuntz

My name is Patrick Walsh and I am writing this letter to you in connection with the sentencing, regarding his plea of guilty, for Michael Daragjati. Michael's wife Nicole is my Goddaughter and I have known him for 11 years. I am a retired Captain from the New York City Department of Corrections.

Since I retired, I have become involved in re-habbing old Brownstones and other period buildings. Michael was also working on a house built in the mid 1800s. I would often visit with him at the site. He was eager to hear my advice and learn from my experiences. I found him always wanting to learn. He was also a very good listener. I must confess that I learned a few things from Michael, as he is a pretty talented guy himself. I can recall a time when he was converting the heating system from steam to forced air. He offered about one dozen ornate radiators to me for free. I found this extremely generous and over the top since these radiators are probably worth about \$ 300 to \$ 500 each.

Over the years Michael has become like a nephew to me. He has always treated me and my wife with the utmost respect. He is a decent and caring young man. I have always believed that someday Michael would be a police supervisor or an excellent detective.

Michael is and always will be a part of my extended family. When my wife Barbara passed away almost two years ago, I remember him being at the wake everyday. He was always asking me , how can he help and was there anything he could do for me and my family. He showed a deep and real concern for myself and my family. As a matter of fact, on the day of my wife's funeral, Michael arranged for a police escort. There was a very large turnout. He never asked me, he just did it. I will forever be grateful. That's the kind of guy he is. Always there with a helping hand.

Very Truly Yours



Patrick Walsh  
27 Princewood Ave  
Staten Island, NY 10309  
718-344-8008

Patricia D'Albero  
130 Wilson Street  
Staten Island, NY 10304

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

May 22, 2012

Dear Judge Kuntz,

I am writing this letter in connection with the sentencing of Michael Daragjati regarding his guilty plea. I have known Michael for about 5 years and he has been a good friend of the family for about 5 years.

Michael has been a good friend to me and my children. I am a single parent and went through some hard times with my son because my ex-husband was not around to guide my son since he no longer lives with us. Although I taught my son right from wrong, he still made some choices which were not in his best interest and he was arrested for drunk driving. Michael did speak with my son several times and tried to point him in the right direction. He also told me about different agencies where I could get help for my son. He always showed care and concern for my family.

Michael was also there for my family during a very difficult time. After my divorce I met and fell in love with a man. We lived together for 7 years. One day I came home and found him with a bullet in his head with no explanation. He was very depressed and although I tried to help him, he still took his own life in the end. When I tried to locate his family, it was a nightmare. No one cared. Michael was there to talk to me and my family who was devastated over this incident. He stopped by my home many times to make sure my children and I were doing okay, and also helped me straighten up my house and get things back in order after the incident. I had many questions because my fiancé was not the man I thought he was. Michael always showed professionalism, care, concern, and courtesy towards me and my family. He was never judgmental and was always more than willing to help.

I am a registered nurse and I deal with all kinds of people in my line of work. I can also understand how we can say or do something that we do not mean and may regret later. I have never known Michael to be anyone who would deliberately say or do something to hurt someone else. I understand that Michael may have not used his best judgment, but I hope you will take into consideration all the good he has done in the past and be lenient. I think he has learned from his mistake and will have to live with it for the rest of his life, and that is punishment enough.

Yours Truly,



Patricia D'Albero



2-21-2012

To Honorable William F Kuntz II

Dear Sir, my name is Anna Varella, I am a 72 yr old woman who resides by myself at 160 Lampert Blvd ST ny 10305. I Am writing this letter in Regards to Michael Daragatis, Sentencing I want to tell you what kind of person he was while he was working Downstairs. When he Just got Assigned here, He Did not know me At All Once we got to know eachother he would Always stop And talk to me, He knew I had A Bi-Racial 15 mth Old Grandson who passed Away. He Came in the next Day, with A hand Carved Cross that He made out of wood. I was so taken By emotion that I Cryed. Then there I knew he was A Good Hearted person. So please put me on the Record in support of Him. Thank you your Honor.

Sincerely  
Anna Varella  
ANNA VARELLA

February 26, 2012

Honorable William F. Kutz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Your Honor:

My name is Patrick Perry and I am writing this letter to you in connection with the sentencing, regarding his Plea of guilty for Michael Davagjati,

I have known Michael for about eight years as his in-laws are particularly close friends of my wife and myself

As you can see from my attached resume, I have been involved in both Criminal Justice and rehabilitation for the past 48 years

Michael always impressed me as a Pleasant family orientated individual Particularly when seen interacting with his three young daughters ages 6, 5 and 3



I have Particular Concern for the fate of Michael's three little girls.

My own younger son Michael Perry a City of White Plains Police Officer died in the line of duty E.O.W. June 12, 2010

Although he was given a hero's funeral Posthumously Promoted and awarded the medal of Honor the result was a hole in our hearts and 7 year old twins days without a father's Love and care

Three months Prior to my son's death I had Open Heart Surgery a triple bypass in February 2010. In the aftermath of the Surgery and my son's death 4 months later Michael Daragjati offered with a generous heart and Compassion the use of his grandfather's home in North Carolina for several weeks to allow myself and my wife to grieve in Private. For this we will be forever grateful.

Michael Daragjati served as a New York City Police Officer for many years placing his life on the line on a daily basis, By committing the acts to which he has pled guilty he has lost a promising career, salary and pension. He now must ponder supporting his family by the "sweat of his brow" never able to hold certain jobs in his future

As he has had time think over the situation he has caused through months of Jail time, he is ~~probably~~ probably a very contrite individual

I would enter a plea that Michael's three young daughters not be separated for a lengthy time from their ~~father~~ father

Thanking you for any and all courtesies in this matter

Very truly yours

Patricia Perry

502 Chestnut St

Carroll NY 1012

Tel (845) 661-870

Nicole Daragjati  
133 Main Street  
Staten Island, NY 10307

February 14, 2012

Honorable William F. Kuntz II  
United States District Court  
Eastern District Of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza  
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Dear Honorable Judge Kuntz:

My name is Nicole Daragjati and I am writing to you in connection with Michael Daragjati's sentencing regarding his guilty plea. I am Michael's wife and we are going to be married 8 years this coming June. We have been together as a couple since 2001. We have three beautiful daughters: Adriana, who will be 7 in April; Samantha, age 6 and Alexa who will be 4 in March. I thank you for the opportunity for allowing me to hopefully give you a more personal background of who my husband Michael is.

I met my husband Michael at the salon that I had been working at in late winter of 2001. He was very charismatic, driven, hard working, smart and very funny. After Michael graduated from St John's University we soon got engaged and bought our first home. Michael was ecstatic. He was trying to figure out what he wanted to do with his career. We encouraged him to join the Police Academy and he did. I remember his time in the Academy getting used to the routine, learning so much and studying hard. He made so many friends. Friends of all ethnicities and backgrounds. They all became so close.

Besides being an officer for the NYPD, my husband owned a construction company and snow removal business. The business was thriving because of Michael's hard work. I've never seen anyone work as hard as Michael. His customers were always appreciative and he was passionate about his job. He was creative and had wonderful ideas. The business was like his "baby" and he took great joy in helping people improve their homes.

Michael worked eighteen hour days. There were days when my husband couldn't eat or function because he was exhausted. You can ask anyone in my neighborhood, friends, family...everyone would ask "Where's Mike"?...I would robotically answer "Working"! Whether it was construction or the NYPD, he gave both jobs 100% of himself, and never complained. It was just his way of life, to work hard now, and enjoy the fruits of his labor upon retirement.

Michael is a devoted father. He often would take the girls by his office and enjoyed introducing them to his friends. My kids are super friendly and always loved hanging out with Michael's partners. My husband always treated everyone with respect and taught our daughters the same, they always followed his lead.

Without my husband's hard work, I would have never been able to stay home to raise our three daughters the way we wanted. Without his hard work and "never stop" attitude, I would have missed out on all the precious moments and milestones with our daughters. For that, I will be forever grateful to my husband. He sacrificed so much to make a great life for our children and myself and never thought twice about it. He loves our children more than anything and through his hard work now, he would provide a secure and happy future for them.

I will never forget, one day my daughters were playing Wii and my husband and his partner Jerome (who is African-American) had passed by. She wanted to create a character for Jerome on the TV. It was interesting because she didn't make him a "black" character. She just made him as she saw him. Two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth. She made him human. She saw no color or race. She saw no difference, because to her, he wasn't different...he was her daddy's friend. We teach our children that we are all the same. My husband treated everyone equally. He treated all his friends with dignity and respect and that is what we instill in our daughters. It hurts me to see my husband portrayed as "racist". It couldn't be further than the truth. I understand that he used offensive language, which he regrets. I can make no excuse for that. But, Your Honor, my husband is a good man. He has a huge heart and would take the food off his own plate to feed you if you were hungry. Race never mattered to him...both personally and professionally.

Michael was also a compassionate businessman. He always showed a genuine concern for people and would take good care of his workers, keeping them busy with construction or snow work. He knew they had families of their own to feed. When business was slow, my husband would feel terrible if they didn't make their usual salaries. He could've easily saved money by simply paying his employees only for the jobs they were contracted for, but instead he offered them odd jobs around our house to keep them going. He and his workers always had a mutual respect for each other and I believe that is why his business was so successful. He never treated them like they were his employees...but friends...always looking out for them. He developed a unique bond with his foreman. He trusted him and Michael was trusted in return. He also calls him "brother". His wife had a baby and now our children and his son are like family. There is no divide because we come from two different nationalities. We are family now.

Going to church is also very important to my husband. We would go every week to Mass with our girls. He always taught them to be grateful to God for all that we have. It was so important to him, and he would feel horrible if we missed Mass. Now our children light a candle for him in church in the hope that he will be able to come home soon. I will continue to bring them to Mass as it is so important to Michael. It didn't matter where we were or what our plans were, he always made time to go.

It will be very difficult to raise our three daughters on my own. My children need their father in their lives. They are so young and at the most impressionable stages of their lives. They need their father's love, support and time. My husband is a devoted father and always taught them strong values and took pride in their growth. I am devastated that my husband is missing birthdays, holidays, school milestones and possibly communions. All these events were so important to him and equally if not more important to our daughters.

Michael always found the time on a daily basis to spend time with our children. He was always running back and forth in between jobs and was conflicted between working so much and spending time with our girls. He would often pop in for lunch or an early dinner so he could hear how their day was going. I remember him calling me on his way to work while at the park with the girls. He would surprise them while they were playing, give them hugs and kisses and then hurry back on his way. Giving our daughters valuable parenting time was extremely important to him, and he misses that special time desperately.

I know Michael is extremely remorseful and accepts responsibility for his actions. I know that when you are a police officer you are held to a high standard, but being a police officer doesn't make you any less human or incapable of sometimes making mistakes. Michael is a good man, an excellent provider, and a loving father and husband. Both our children and I need him to come home and be a part of our lives. My children miss their father terribly. It is a pain that no child should have to endure at this age.

Michael is a valuable asset to the community and to the lives he has touched over the years. During our last visit at MDC, we discussed the possibility of him volunteering as a mentor or "big brother" to troubled teens. He could use his experience as a police officer and as someone who has been incarcerated to work with kids that are struggling and heading down the wrong path. He is an excellent speaker and has always captured the room with his vibrant storytelling. I do believe he could make a difference in the community through the lessons he has learned from this experience. If he was able to come home, Your Honor, I have the utmost confidence and faith in Michael and the lives he could impact through community service. Michael often says to me that "Maybe this happened for a reason." He has a gift for bringing out the best in people and showing others that with a lot of hard work and perseverance, anything is possible. I know this because he changed my life. He taught me to see the world through different eyes, to take each day and make it count for something. He remains hopeful and focused on getting right back to working hard for his family even during these difficult days.

Your Honor, on behalf of myself and our three daughters, I ask for leniency in sentencing my husband Michael Daragjati. I ask for the consideration, upon reading all of the letters from family, friends, and co-workers, for the possibility of allowing my husband to return home so that he can continue being that hardworking husband and devoted father that we all know him to be.

Words cannot express how much I need my husband home, and how my children need their father to guide and teach them along their childhood journey.

I thank you kindly and appreciate the time you have taken to read this letter.

Sincerely,

Nicole Daragjati

4-13-12

Dear Honorable Judge Kuntz:

My name is Adriana Daragjati. I am 7 years old. My sister Sammy is 6 years old and my sister Alexa is 4. Michael Daragjati is our dad. We really miss our dad so much. Daddy is silly and funny. He always works hard. We have a great dad. Daddy took us to Myrtle Beach every summer. We would go to the beach and the pool. My dad taught me how to ride a two wheeler bike. Dad always took us to church every Sunday. He would buy us candy if we behaved. He was proud.

Please let my dad come home.



I was sad when he couldn't be home with us, for halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas. I don't want him to miss any more birthdays. My mom is so sad is that daddy isn't here.

I love my dad. And I hope he can come home really soon. I miss him so much and we need to be a family.

Thank you for reading my letter.

Adriana Daragjati